MA BELLE CANADIENNE.

From The Week. Ma belle Julie, how joyfully
The robin, from the high eim tree,
A challenge sends to you to sing
With him the merry songs of Spring;
And one so old, so full of glee: "O sweet the air and blue the sky!
O light and love can never die!
Why think of such a foolish thing
Ma belle Julie!

*Of May-flowers, sweet as sweet can be,
A wreath that none may wear but thee,
So fresh, so pink, to-day I bring.
O youth will not be loitering.
Ma belle Canadienne Julie!
Ma belle Julie!

Ma belle Julie, the sun was low Across the lake, and in the glow The roses blushed, so fair to see! And through the wild woods drowsily And through the wild woods dro.
The bees went droning to and fro.
I beard afar the rapids flow,
And murmur to a song I know;
"Ma belle Canadienne Julie."
Ma belle Julie!"

Why do thy blushes come and go?
With grave, brown eyes why question so,
When all the summer day for me
Is tull, and breathing thoughts of thee?
No fear, no sigh for long ago.
Ma belle Julie!

Ma belle Julie is fairest when The swallows turn them south again. A breath of sadness seems to be On all the world, and reverently To chant a sweet and soft amen For all the weary work of men. So wistful, kind and gentle then Ma belle Canadienne Julie. Ma belle Julie!

No sound from hill to lakeside fen. Half sad the red and golden glen. Her eves in silence speak to me; O call me once again to thee, Julie, ma belle Canadienne! Ma belle Julie!

*Ma belle Julie" through all the year
The poet sang, his heart to cheer.
He saw the swallows come and go;
The mornings dawn, the evenings glow;
The hawthorn bloom, the beach grow sere.

All to his very heart were dear.

They shared his joy and calmed his fear.—
But one alone his love could know—
La belle Julie!

The havthorn bloom, the beech grow sere.

All to his very heart were dear, They shared his joy and calmed his fear.—But one alone his love could know—
Labelle Julie—

A broken chord, nutinished here,
His last farewell to mertal car,
Before the tired head was low Keneath the kindly falling snow:
Keneath the kindly falling snow:
W. BLISS CARMAN.

JACK'S COURTSHIP.

A SAILOR'S YARN OF LOVE AND SHIPWRECK.
BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Auther of "The Wreck of The Groscenor," "A SeaQueen," "An Ocean Free Lance," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

M.E. MORECOMBE GOES A SHORE.

It was half-past eleven before any notice was take en of the sugnal, and then yon might have seen a white sail shining upon the sea to the right of the land, that had broadened ahead and was now one of the belaying pins that circled the spar. Itself was the surface of the s which consisted of a small brown straw bonnet, over which was drawn the hood of a long thick cloak, so that, with her sharp hard, bony face peering out of the cavernous head-gear, she might very well have passed for a lean Roman Catholic priest, rendered cadaverous by a large number of midnight vigils and mortifications. She did not look the sweeter for the spell of sea-sickness she had suffered from, and her keen, greenish eyes travelled swiftly about as she ran them over the sea and the ship and the passengers. When Florence met my glance a slight smile curled about her mouth, and she looked up at the stopped ensign with a sort of inquisitiveness, as if she partly suspected what it meant, but for she gare it me back with a bit of a scowl that,

with a pluck at the brim of my hat, I said in my politest way that I was sorry to have learned from her nice that she had been ill; would she allow me to get her a chair?

"No, thank you," she answered, with a touch of old Hawke's pomp in her manner, coupled with n large dash of acid ty and a brisk look of surprise at Florence, as if she wondered how her nicee and I could have become intimate chough to talk about

so to say, forced me to act; so stepping up to her,

could have become intimate enough to talk about her in so short a time.

"Will you tell me the meaning of that flag?" said Florence, with a world of suppressed amuse-ment in her face, and lovely beyond expression in her hat, that was looped up on one side, with a feather that rattled along the scuppers of it, and a tell for the state where with fur mon the sleeves warm, tight-fitting jacket with fur upon the sleeves and neck and bottom of it.

"It is a signal for a boat," said I, "to take the pilot ashore. Yonder she comes—that white sail there."

there."

Just then Thompson passed us, and, seeing his friend Damaris on deck, he lurched up so her with a deep-sea bow. Glad to see you up, Miss Hawke," said he, "but then you know you're an old sailer and I couldn't dream of allowing you more than one

and I couldn't dream of allowing you more than one day to suffer from sea-sickness."

"I should want a mouth," she answered, in her sharp manner, with a kind of peck forward of her seythe-like nose, much as a pigeon moves its head we en it walks, "become a sailor, for of all rolling ships the Strathmore is the worst. Don't contradict me, for I'm sure of what I say. What have you been doing with the vessel all this time, captain f I hope there'll be no more pitching this yoyage. It was shocking last night, I wonder I have a whole sone left. Never again will I take a stern cabin. Where are we, sir 7 What land is that?"

that !"
"The lovely Isle of Wight, ma'am," answered
Daniel; "favored by royalty, and the haunt of
gallant and dashing yachtsmen."
"Well,I'm sure you've taken long enough to reach
it "depredament"

"Well, I'm sure you've taken long enough to reach it," she exclaimed.

"We shall be heaving to in a moment for that beat," said Daniel; "and then, Miss Hawke, when the pilot has dropped over the side," giving me a look that made me tremble for I wanted no free-masenry of that kind under the shadow of Damaris's hatchet countenance, "we will brace the yards around again and fairly start for beautiful Australia. And a fine run we shall make, no doubt; "what do you think, Mr. Edgemore! By the way, Miss Hawke, will you allow me to introduce an old schoolfellow of mine to you, Mr.—"

"Egerton," I exclaimed, covering up the interpolation by a profuse bow, while Daniel left us to give some instructions to the chief mate. Aunt Damaris inclined her angular body, and Florence pretended to be engressed by the spectacle of the approaching

inclined her angular body, and Florence pretended to be engrossed by the spectacle of the approaching pilot-cutter. I could not help thinking that the sound of Egerton put a pleasauter look into the old lady's face. She ran her eye over me in a sharp, quick inspection of my clothes, paying close attention to my boots, and dwelling upon the silk handkerchief round my neck, and then said, "Are you going to settle in Australia, Mr. Egerton?"

"N—no, I think not, "I answered, "I am just going to have a look around."

"I hope you are not going out with the idea of

"N-no, I think not, I allswered, ing to have a look around."
"I hope you are not going out with the idea of making your fortune," said she, "You'll be disappointed, if that's your dream. Money is just as hard to get in Australia as in England. I mean, gentlemen find it so. Mechanics and lahorers manage; but there's no room for gentlemen." And she cast her eye upon the Isle of Wight, as though she would suggest that I had better get ashere while

age: but there's no room for gentlemen." And she cast her eye upon the Isle of Wight, as though she would suggest that I had better get ashore while the chance remained, if I was going to Australia to make my fortune as a gentleman.

"I am not going to Australia for the sake of money," I replied, blandly, "I am foud of travelling by water, and I am particularly anxious to see the lovely Bay of Sydney."

Florence looked round as if to check any approach to equivocation. But what was I to say! And wasn't my whole existence on shipboard what is called in Ireland a "loy"!

"Have you been sea-sick, Mr. Egerton!" asked

called in Ireland a "loy"?

"Have you been sea-sick. Mr. Egerton?" asked
Damaris, rounding off the name as if she liked pro-

ouncing it.
"I did not breakfast in the cuddy yesterday orning," said I rendered resolute by the lovely

corning," said I, rendered resolute by the lovely exhortation in my darling's eyes to be as accurate is I possibly could; "but I am sorry to hear that here has been a good deal of suffering among some of the passengers."
"Yes, one gentleman." said she, with a glance at
Florence that instantly turned her face into
marble, as it stood between me and the sweep of soft Le Exclusive right to serial publication in America purchased by The Tribune.

blue sky over the quarter, "has, my niece tells me, been very ill. He must expect to suffer at first; but there is very little movement in the ship now, and he ought to feel better. Do yon know, Florence, I have a great mind to send the steward to him with my compliments, and ask him to make an effort to come on deck. The sunshine and the air are sure to do him good."

"You had better not interfere with him, aunt." said Fiorence, quietly. "He will come on deck in due course. If the man is sick it will be cruel to send him your compliments,"

"Don't call him the man, Florence," exclaimed Annt Damaris, with a kind of saw-like sound in her throat. blue sky over the quarter, " has, my niece tells me,

"Don't call him' the man, Florence," exclaimed Aunt Damaris, with a kind of saw-like sound in her throat.

It was very certain from all this that she had no idea how exceedingly ill Mr. Morecombe had been and was. Florence had merely told her that ne was sea-sick; and having been confined to her cabin, the old lady had had no chance of learning the truth. It was no part of my policy to enlighten her. All this while the pilot-boat was bearing down fast upon us, sweeping along with a run of snow past her glistening sides, and the sunshine pouring past her full on to the towering coast that stood like a vast fortress upon the sea. Land was in sight now all the way along our starboard heam, melting away into mere faint blue blobs as the Sussex shore wended toward Worthing and Brighton, while right ahead you might just catch a glimmer of the coast about Darlston Point, with here and there a coaster or a smack creeping along. And now, while Aunt Damaris seemed to be considering within herself whether she should send her compliments to Mr. Morecombe, an order was shouted from the poop, the crew came tumbling aft, the lee main-braces were let go, and the great yards laid aback amid a deal of singing and stamping, and yells of "belay." The ship still leaning under the tower of can vas upon her, came to a stand, and you could hear the water washing with a sloppy sound all along her weather side, and just under the lee, where the shelter of the hull was, the oil-like sur-face was darkened by the skurrying of the draught blowing down over the rail, and shooting away in a handred swift lines, like the track of the long-legged insects you see on the surface of a stream on a hot summer day.

Now it all at once flashed upon me that I should not be doing my duty either to Florence or my cousin Sophie if I missed the chance of the pilot

Now it all at once flashed upon me that I should not be doing my duty either to Florence or my cousin Sophie if I missed the chance of the pilot going ashore, to send a letter to my cousin, to tell her that Morecombe's presence aboard was the fruit of a conspiracy, and that my darling had no more idea than I that he was to make the voyage with her; and I also felt it due to my uncle's fine sense of the ridiculous to relate why and where Morecombe's voyage had come to an end. So I said to Aunt Damaris: "Will you allow me to suggest, madam, that if you would like to write a last line to your friends ashore, now is your opportunity, as the pilot will be landing presently, and will take your letter."

She turned to Florence and said "I wrote at

dame his business. I say, ole man, can seewal, will yer?"

I sent the steward to him, and sat down at the enddy-table to write a few lines to Sophie, giving her all the news I could find time to put into my letter, and particularly dwelling upon Morecombe's drunken condition at the moment of his departure from the ship. "Here, steward," said I to Hay, who had come out of Morecombe's cabin, "put that in the bag for the pilot, will you? And," lowering my voice, "try to hide the gentleman as you get him over the side. I mean, don't let the passengers see more of his condition than you can help—that is, you assist him to the gangway. Who's made him drunk?"

"Only himself, sir," answered Hay, "He's been calling for brandy all the morning. The doctor told me to let him have as much as he wanted—'anything,' Mr. Griffith said, 'to stop his retching till he's out of my hands."

I returned to the poop and found the pilot-boat

mess, as if she partly suspected what it meant, but would like to make sure. I hardly knew what to do for a moment, whether to address her or "make tracks." I was in a manner faseinated by the old woman, and my stare attracted her notice presently, for the real rate of the peop, close to the starboard ladder, where of the poop, close to the stational angles, it bey commanded the quarter-deck and gangway. I perceived a little bit of feminine malice in this on the part of Florence, and when she turned and spied me standing a fathou or two behind her, a gicam shot into her eyes that would have made me laugh outright had not Aunt Damaris been within carshot. "Stand by, ready with a line, one of you," sang out the chief mate; and in a few minutes the large, sowerful cutter hauled down her foresail, shifted powerful currer handed discovers the pilot without her helm, and swept alongside. The pilot without ado shook hands with Thompson and the chief mate, touched his cap in a sort of all-round manner

ado shook nahes with a sort of all-round manner to the passengers, wished as all, he was sure, a prosperous voyage, and dropped into the entter.

I drew nearer by a couple of paces to Aunt Damaris. The second mate, on the main-deck, was giving orders about Morecombe's lugrage, and his boxes and sword and stick and umbrelia and mackintosh were handed along and passed over the side. Presently, Morecombe hunself emerged from the cuddy porch, propped up by Hay and a couple of under-stewards. You never could have guessed how his spell of sea-sickness had changed him by seeing him in his cabin. The brilliant snushine on the quarter-deck was the light to view him in. He turned his inebriated, tallow-white face up at the

seeing him in his cabin. The brilliant sanshine on the quarter-deck was the light to view him in. He turned his incbriated, tallow-white face up at the people who looked down at him from the poop, and I saw Florence take a step back with the recoil of a person utterly dismayed.

"Why," cried Aunt Damaris, in a quick, shrill voice, "it's Mr. Morecombe! Where is he going? What's the matter with him?" and the whole of her face, with a foreground of brown bonnet, forked out of the hood as she stretched her neck, with her hands ap and her mouth open.

"How d'ye do, Miss Hawke?" exclaimed the wretched creature, forcing the stewards to come to a standstill, while he wrestled to free his arm that he might pull off his hat. "I'm going home—too much wolling for me. Been balf killed by following your advice. Take your love to Phonso? Tell him no more wotten sailing-ships for me. Good-by. Capt'n, look out—I'll expose you for dwagging me about when I'm dying."

By this time the condition of the man was plain to everybody, and the seamen and 'tween-deck passengers were all on the broad grin, some laughing out. Even among us aft, where there would be more delicacy, if not more sympathy, you might have heard an occasional titter.

"Now, then, how long is tne gent going to keep us here?" roared the hoarse voice of the pilot over the side.

"Why, Florence," I heard Aunt Damaris exclaim,

side. "Why, Florence," I heard Aunt Damaris exclaim, seizing her niece's arm, " has he gone mad? actually learing the ship?"

"Why, Florence," I heard Aunt Damars exclaim, seizing her niece's arm, "has he gone mad?" Is he actually kearing the ship?"

"Ay," said the chief mate, who stood near, and who would not suspect that Mr. Morecombe was a friend of hers, "and don't you think it's time that he left? Why, he looks a corpse, ma'am, and a drunken corpse, too!" he added, with a half laugh. Meanwhile the stewards were shoving Morecombe toward the gangway, and being, as I almost reckoned, as much delirious as intoxicated, he was jabbering nousense all the time, sometimes shouting out, carsing and swearing in such a way that Mrs. O'Brien and Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Grant and her daughter walked aft out of hearing, and Florence would have gone too, I believe, only that her aunt, who stood petrified, had a tight hold of her arm. It was like a row in a street to see the squaid crowd of emigrants pressing round Morecombe as he was bundled into the gangway. A pitiable sight, truly, and very distressing: for, after all, the fellow was a gentleman, though a puppy and a fool. He had suffered fearfully, and if ever a drop too much was excusable in a man it was so in him at that time; and I say it went desperately against my grain to see that chap as white as if he had been confined to his bedroom for six months, with his mustache bedraggled, his hat jammed down on his head, his neckcloth awry, and his hollow face the merest phantom of the handsome countenance he had brought aboard with him, drunkenly swearing at the captain and the ship, trying to address Florence and her aunt, and all the 'tween-deck passengers and sailors pressing around him and laughing at him and passing jokes.

Never shall I ferget the look of disgust in my

sailors pressing around him and laughing at the and passing jokes.

Never shall I ferget the look of disgust in my darling's face. All her old dislike of the man was worked up into a sort of horror, and I give you my word she watched him as if he were some offensive

kind of animal.

Her aunt stood like a woman who beholds a ghost. Her aunt stood like a woman who beholds a ghost. I could see her gaping at him as her lean face shot out of her hood. She never spoke after her exclamation of amazement to Florence. Once I thought she meant to go down to him, but it was at the moment when his pleasant language drove the ladies away, and she never shifted her feet again until the sailors had handed Mr. Morecombe over

the side. There was a rush of passengers to see the cutter leave, and I supposed, from the langhter that ran along, that Alphonso's friend was making a sad fool of himself, but I had no chance of looking, for when he was being bundled through the gangway Florence had turned to me and said: "What a horrid scene! Is he not intoxicated?"

"Very much so." I answered: "Were he sober he would have less life in him."

"I am astonished! I cannot believe my senses!" cried Aunt Damaris. "Surely he cannot be drunk! he must be mad!"

"I say, captain." bawled Captain Jackson, from the rail, where he stood looking at the cutter, and addressing Thompson, who was waiting for the boat to get away to han! the main-yards around, "can't you order the fellows down here to shove off and leave us? That drunken vagabond is swearing in a manner not fit for the women-folk on the main-deck there to listen to."

"Is this Mr. Morecombe a friend of yours, madam f" said I to Aunt Damaris.

"A friend? why do you ask, sir?" she answered, with her share face full of shame, bewilderment and indignation.

"He shared my cabin," said I, "and I can tell you

dignation.
"He shared my cabin," said I, "and I can tell you at his sickness, if you are sufficiently interested

about his sickness, if you are sufficiently interested to listen."

"Oh, pray come away, pray come away," cried she. "I cannot hear you for the disgraceful noise these people are making"; and she led the way aft, going indeed, to the extreme end of the poop. The noise she complained of was the ironical cheering of the passengers as the cutter hoisted her foresail and went away. They had got wind of Morecombe's reason for abandoning the voyage, and the very little sympathy that is, under any circumstances, felt for sea-sick people was utterly extinguished in this case by the young fellow being drunk, and using such disgraceful language. I caught sight of him sitting upon the little vessel, feebly and idiotically waving his hat, while one of the cutter's crew, with a broad grin on his face, stood over him and the 'tween-deck people roared with laughter and hurrahed as the pilot-boat, feeling the weight of the wind in her canvas, lay down to it and sped away with the intoxicated representative of blood flourishing his fist at the ship.

with the intoxicated representative of blood flourishing his list at the ship.
Florence kept her back turned upon the sight.
Aunt Damaris took one peep, with a most horrified
look on her face, and then addressed me. "What
were yon saying, Mr. Egerton? My mind is really
in a whirl! What a disgraceful scene, Florence! I
hope the passengers don't believe that he was a
friend of yours?"
"I'm sure I don't know whether they do or not,
aunt, and I really do not care." replied Florence,
looking at me with something like a little sunshine
of merriment breaking out of the cloud of disgust
upon her face.

aunt, and I really do not care," replied Florence, looking at me with something like a little sunshine of merriment breaking out of the cloud of disgust upon her face.

"Did you say you could tell me something about him, sir?" exclaimed Annt Damaris, with a sharp peck of her face at me, as she tackled me afresh.

"I know him only as a person who shared my cabin," I answered "He was excessively sea-sick, and in my opinion is well advised to leave the vessel, as I believe another day or two of what he called wolling' would have killed him. I was up pretty nearly all through the night with him. Is he a gentleman? I was disposed to consider him respectable until I heard his very wicked language."

"Don't ask me any questions about him," cried the old lady. "Florence, could you have believed this of him? Could you have imagined him capable of such conduct?"

My darling pursed up her mouth, and looked at her aunt steadily, then dropped her eyes without speaking.

"What could not be going there for love of the people, for he spoke in great contempt of them. I hope, madam," said I, in the mildest tone I could assume, "that I shall not be giving offence if I declare him, on my honor, to be one of the greatest asses that was ever let loose by nature upon the world. If Captain Thompson were not busy I would call on him to give you his opinion of Mr. Morecombe. Was he going to seek his fortune? You should have been boxed up with him, as I was, and listened to the imbecilities he delivered himself of in the intervals of his sickness. What could have induced him, do you conceive, to attempt a voyage of which the first twenty hours have very nearly killed him?"

"I have requested you not to ask me any questions about him, sir," exclaimed Annt Damaris, shrilly. "Florence, come with me down-stairs, I am quite unnerved. Could anything be more extraordinary? Fancy leaving the ship, drunk, never giving anybody the least idea of his intentions! and think of the whole of his passage money being wasted." and making a kind of snap at

CHAPTER XXVII. AUNT DAMARIS IS CONFIDENTIAL.

Well, by this time the main-yards had been swung, and the Strathmore was heading on her road down Channel, fairly under way, on her own hook, for the other side of the world.

The swell of the sea had gone down, there was no

weight in the | r.-k, small surges which the merry weight in the Post, sman surply with all plain canvas on her, from the flying-jib to the mizzen-royal, swept steadily along, with a heel of mizzen-royal, swept steadily along, with a heel of the hull that sloped her sails against the blue sky, and the white sunlight in the south making a blaze of silver of the water over the port bow. It was a day to keep a mute grinning for the fulness of the life and light of it. You saw the high clouds blow-ing like bits of mother-o'-pearl out of the distant green land, which shelved in and out with a space of light the state of t of justions white right abeam, where Darlston Point yawned into the Solent, and the wake astern, spreading into a fan of foam, seemed to be full of bearing mackerel with the sparking up of glittering track collided with the little seas and shivered them. Of all that numerous company f buman souls which the ship was bearing to a distant land there was surely none happier at heart than I. It was not only that Morecombe was out of the road, it was not only that his manner of going was the completest victory over her father that Florence could have won, it was not only that my darling was in the ship with me and that I knew I had her love: the magic of the sea was in me too, mates, all the freedom and delight that comes blowing to a man upon the salt, sunlit wind, all the gladness of health and imagination that is swept up like spray out of the heave of the coiling billows and passe into the heart as the spirit of a pure and generous cordial works its way into the brain. I stood lost in thought, but with shining eyes, as I may warrant, gazing at the flickering gleam of the pilotcutter's canvas as it hovered upon the bright green waters before melting into the film of green land be yond. A hand was laid upon my shoulder, and, turning, I encountered Thompson's grinning, red

face. "Well, Jack," said he, "what do you think of your rival now? I see your eyes are upon what the poets would call his bark. Did you ever meet with uch a fool of a man in all your born days? you're surely not in earnest in your yarn about your sweet-heart's father wanting that scaramouch for a son-

heart's father wanting that scaramouch for a sonin-law?"

"I am," said I. "Ass as he is, he'll be a baronet
some of these days; his blood's so old that it's not
red like yours or mine, but blue, man, blue; think of
that, Daniel; and he's related to such a lot of titled
families that you couldn't open a Peerage and point
to a name and say, 'Who's this, d'ye know?' without the chance of his answering, 'Why, my grandmother,' or something of that kind."

"Well, Jack," replied Thompson, "all that may
be as you say; but after the language he used today I'd rather believe, for the sake of the British
aristocracy, that he was a smack apprentice masquerading as a swell."

"Had you the West End experience I possess,"
said I, putting on an educational deportment, and
admiring the attentive gaze my friend fixed upon
ms, "had you belonged to swell clubs and mixed
with what footmen call the 'hayleet', you would not
feel any surprise at Mr. Morecombe's language.
Cursing and swearing among youths of his pattern
—and they are very plentiful, I can assure yon—are
enlityated as manly and independent accomplishments. There is a very great deal in social atmosphere, Daniel. Curses uttered by a costermonger
behind a barrow of soles and dais are very shock. ments. There is a very great deal in social atmosphere, Daniel. Curses uttered by a costermonger behind a barrow of soles and dabs are very shocking, and there are laws for punishing the horrid creature who defiles the public ear by uttering them; but worse words uttered in a smoking room by a fashionable young gentleman sitting behind a great deal of clean shirt are accepted as very respectable English, and there are no laws to teach hum—as Morecombe wants teaching—that he is a m-as Morecombe wants teaching-that he is a sekgnard."
Well, I know very little of aristocratic society,

blackgnard."

"Well, I know very little of aristocratic society," says Daniel in a simple way; "if Mr. Morecombe's a specimen of it, I reckon I should be satisfied with reading of it in story-books without going outside for the real thing."

"No, no," said I, "he's no example of society, Heaven forbid; but of a corner of the cheese only, Daniel, where it's green and full of maggots. He belongs to an order of young gentlemen who talk to barmaids, who sit in theatre-stalls and criticise the actresses, like a row of performing monkeys kept quiet by the music of the orchestra, who frequently get drunk, who are always in debt, who pretend to know all about horses, that is, the difference between their tails and their ears, who swear very horribly in their conversation among themselves, who are idiots in soul, yet welcomed by all sorts of people, parvenus and their betters, because of their connections, and also because they are young men and can dance, and who if they do not succeed in marrying money, usually end as secretaries pro tem. Still, I must own, fool as Morecombe is, you saw him under the worst possible circumstances. He's really not so bad as the drunken lunatic that may be still waving his hand on that cutter yonder would have you suppose."

"He'd have to be a deal better to come to anywould have you suppose."
"He'd have to be a deal better to come to any

thing near a man," answered Thompson, with a ro of his eye along the weather heavens.

"He was as empty as an old rum-eask," said I,
"and had suffered terribly; and it does not need
much liquor to make an empty man drunk, you
know. I suppose he was looking into the brandybottle for a pair of legs strong enough to carry his
body into the pilot-beat; and peered a trifle too
long. Well, Miss Damaris Hawke saw him, and I
ought to be a glad man. Daniel."

"Don't she look a sweet thing in her hood, Jake."?
he exclaimed, laughing, and then went with his
lurching step to the companion and disappeared
down it.

Inrching step to the companion and disappeared down it.

It was now lunch-time, the passengers were in the enddy, and I joined them; there seemed to be no more sea-sickness, though I questioned if the Bay of Biscay would not revive a qualm here and there. But there was no excuse for nausea now, for though there was a sort of breathing in the water, a respiration rolling un, as it might be, out of the ocean toward which we were heading, with a kind of yearning response to it in the floating hurl of the ship, it was too long-drawn to take notice of, and the deep Strathmore seemed to be sailing as steadily over the foam which her shearing cutwater flung under and along her bends as a sleigh over a level plain of snow. Anut Damaris and Florence were already seated when I sculled round the side of the table and took the place I had heretofore occupied. The old lady had decked herself out in a cap and mittens, and there was a hard, wooden look on her face.

When whe poticed where I had seated myself she

The old lady had decked herself out in a cap and mittens, and there was a hard, wooden look on her face.

When she noticed where I had seated myself she lay back so as to peer at me from behind Thompson's broad shoulders, on which I said, "Did you speak, Miss Hawke!"

"No sir, I did not," she replied, whipping herself erect like a length of bent whalebone recovers itself.

"I saved your old post for you, you see." said Thompson to her.

"But why do you separate me from my niece!" she inquired, inspecting him severely from the level of his eyes, for she and Daniel were of the same stature, sitting and standing.

"Why," he answered, "if I put you both on my right or left there would be one of yon that couldn't, by any possibility, be next to me. Now, I couldn't forego you, and at the same time I didn't want to lose the happiness of having your niece by my side; so how should a plain sailor work such a traverse as this except by placing himself betwixt you!"

Well, she couldn't help herself, for to have made

in the probably heard, quite conveyen the man and I were acquainted previous to our meeting here. Can you tell me, Mr. Egeron, if you ever heard him say anything likely to produce such an II were acquainted previous to our meeting here. Can you tell me, Mr. Egeron, if you ever heard him say anything likely to produce such an impression of an and I at Florence. If any of the passengers had supposed that A art Damaris had been previously acquainted with Morecombe, this answer of hers put their doubts at rest. Apparently nothing had restrained them from speaking their minds about the youth but the idea that the Hawkes were friends of his, which they would have got, perhaps, from seeing him sitting and talking with them in the caddy—as I did—when we were on the river. But there would be nothing in that, merely, to prove that they had met before, and when, therefore, Anat Damaris as good as denied all knowledge of him, it is navy-man let thy: "All that I can say is, if Mrs. O'Brien is right and the man is the son of a baronet, I am very sorry. In this democratic age—and I dou't care who hears me say it—the only provision let us against a general deinge of vulgarity is the aristocracy; the hereditary portion of it, I mean; not the counting-house trimmers with the gift of the ristocracy; the hereditary portion of it. I m not the counting-house trimmers with the gift o rab, who get kicked into the House of Lords by not the counting-house training and, who get kicked into the House of Lords by the Radical Ministers whose nefarions policy they have abetted. But if hereditary breeding is to result in intoxicated idiots with a capacity of cursing that would make a forecastle parrot blush, then what I say is, let us all give up paying taxes and, as a nation, make haste to go to the devil as fast as we can, because we are bound to get there sconer or later, and I'm always for harrying where there's a bad job to be done."

and I'm always for harrying where there's 2 star for to be done."

Mr. and Mrs. Marmaduke Mortimer looked impressed, and a mild old hely, Mrs. Grant, who, with her daughter, occupied No. 2 cabin, said, "I quite agree with you, sir, and I wish there was no such thing as taxes, I'm sure."

"I'm for equality," observed Mr. Thompson Tucker; "I'm for an equal distribution of property. It's monstrous that some men should be worth milions and other men worth nothing. The land is meant for the people, not for the aristocracy; but they've got it all, or very nearly all, and men like me have to go to the end of the world for a bit of soil when there is enough for all England in estates used only by a few swells to kill birds and beasts in."

"Hear, hear?" said Mr. Joyce,

"Those are the sentiments which have destroyed me native country," said Mrs. O'Brien.

"Does anybody know," observed Mrs. Jackson, changing the conversation by observing a threat of explosion in her husband's face, "what object Mr. Morecombe had in coming into this ship? Surely he couldn't have embarked only for the purpose of being sea-sick and then drinking himself intoxicated and using profane words?"

"I suppose he forfetts his passage-money, captain?" said Mr. Marmaduke Mortmer.

"Oh, yes," answered Daniel. "That's gone as

"I suppose he forceds he wortner.
"Oh, yes," answered Daniel. "That's gone as completely as he has."
"What could be taking him to Australia?" persisted Mrs. Jackson. "If he had any motive in going there at all it is so very odd that he should abandon the voyage within a few hours of his commencing it." "He's a lunatic, Maria," said her husband, " and

I felt for Florence's hand and gave it a squeeze there was a disconcerted look, with a touch of pain ind shame in it, in the darling's face; but the ressure brought out a little smile.

"He was driven out of the ship by sea-sickness, aptain Jackson," said I. "He was no lunatic. He

Captain Jackson," said I. "He was no linatic. He shared my cabin, and I witnessed his sufferings. The doctor there will tell you that the steward had orders not to stint him in brandy, the only specific that would give him life enough to put on his clothes and leave the ship."

"I did not conceive that he would make himself drunk, Mr. Egerton," said the doctor,
"I've been a temperate man all my life," said Daniel, "but had I suffered as Mr. Morecombe did, I'd have been willing to swallow the English Channel had it been brandy or whiskey. Captain Jackson, you could have seen in the young gentleman's face what he had gone through."

"Ay, but his language," cried Mrs. O'Brien.
"Sure, it was horrible, captain. It drove me away; I

son, you could have seen in the young gentleman's face what he had gone through." and the had gone through." Cried Mrs. O'Brien.

"Sure, it was horrible, captain. It drove me away; and the dreadful words still ring in me ears."

"Oh, come, it wasn't so bad as all that," exclaimed Mr. Thompson Tucker. "A few strong words, you know, Mrs. O'Brien; but, really, nothing more than an enraged ford would bestow upon a clamsy valet."

"Besides," said I, "the rana didn't know that he was saying."

"But the words would be in him when he was "But the words would be in him when he was against her own."

"aggerated, if not drunken, statement shall ever escape me."

"Thank you, Mr. Egerton. You know what the passengers think of him," she continued, her manner so mild that you might fairly call it soft; "had be joined this ship merely as an acquaintance, I should not object to owning him as such; but there were other relations. He exaggerated horribly I assure you, but his story to you was not wholly false."

"I suppose," said I, in an off-hand way "that your niece will be rich, and that he was pursuing her in compliance with her papa's wishes, but against her own."

bod person, anyway."

"That's just it." remarked Mrs. Grant. "If there's wickedness in the heart, it matters not whether the tongue speaketh it or not."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Mr. Thompson Tucker. It mayn't matter to the man, perhaps, but it's not all the same to the company be's in."

"If Mr. Morecombe is really a baronet's son," exclaimed Captain Jackson, with immense emphasis, and in a sort of summing-up way, "all that I can say is, I am very sorry to hear it, for such a creature as he would be a disgrace to Whitechapel."

Aunt Damaris left the table, and in a few moments Florence followed her.

The others sat on a while, speaking their minds very freely about Mr. Morecombe; but, as the subject was tiresome, and it was no part of my business to defend the absent man's character, I went on deak to meditate upon the numerous things which had, in the most unexpected way, turned out to my advantage; one of the most important, in my opinion, being Annt Damaris's answer to Mrs. O'Brien. Think of Alphonos's saster pretending not to know anything about Morecombe! What shame that piece of shamming expressed! What disagnst! Sir Reginald Morecombe left the ship in the most dignified manner, taking a respectful and relucious stroke of good fortune for me, and any any and admiration of the gibes and laughter of the "tween-deck people, causing, by his behavior, all the passengers aft to wonder who he could be, and rendering Annt begoing as he had—drunk and swearing—and the gibes and laughter of the "tween-deck people, causing, by his behavior, all the passengers aft to wonder who he could be, and rendering Annt begoing as he had—drunk and swearing—and the gibes and laughter of the "tween-deck people, causing, by his behavior, all the passengers aft to wonder who he could be, and rendering Annt begoing as he had—drunk and swearing—and the whole business a sort of miracle of good have contrived for my own advancement; my cleverest wishes never could have reached up to the perfectly simple, but exquisite inge

nected. I inferred that he had embarked on this voyage as a commercial speculation. There seemed to be no love, no liking even, in the matter. He was wanted, I understood, because of the trile that would come to him at his father's death. That's all I know about him," said I coolly.

Annt Damaris's face was a curious picture. Pale and gaping, eyes goggling, brows arched, with borror and amazement and indignation writhing in her lean features, it formed, as it stared forth upon me out of her bounct, one of the most striking and impressive recollections of a life not wholly undiversified.

"I hope, Mr. Egerton," she gasped, "that you didn't believe him. Pray, was he drunk when he

"I hope, Mr. Egerton," she gasped, "that you didn't believe him. Pray, was he drank when he talked in this manner?"

"He was very sea-sick, but not drunk," I replied. She bit her lip, she looked round at Florence, and seemed in real distress of mind. "How very dreadful," she exclaimed "that he should talk to a pefect stranger in that way!" Then, cocking her eye at my face, with a very carnest look at it, she appeared, as the Scotch say, to take a thought, and said, "Walk with me up and down, will you, Mr. Egerton?"

said, "Walk with me up and down, will you, Mr. Egerton!"

"With pleasure; let me give you the support of my arm; there is a slight heaving of the ship," and hooked on to each other, off we stamped the whole length of the deck, in the tail of the Joyce procession, while Florence stared as if she distrusted her evesight, and Daniel seemed to be one immense grin from his boots to his cap.

"Mr. Egerton," said Aunt Damaris, after a short pause, and with a sort of tremulous sucking in of her breath before she spoke, "I am sure you are a gentleman."

"You are very good, Miss Hawke," said I; "I

pane, and with a spoke, "I am sare you are a gentleman."

"You are very good, Miss Hawke," said I; "I hope I am; I try to behave as one."

"Your name speaks for itself," she continued.

"But I like your manners. "You'll excuse my plain speaking; I'm old enough to deserve forgiveness for being candid. I was much pleased by the way in which you defended Mr. Morecombe, at lunch, agnitist the sneers of Captain Jackson."

"Well," I said, "I have no opinion of Mr. Morecombe, but the man had suffered, I had witnessed what he went through, and it was right that I should give my evidence."

"His behavior at the last was most odious!" she exclaimed, holding on tight to my arm in her agitation. "It seems incredible that a person of breeding should get drunk, and use such language."

"Why, yes," said I; "but as he was a perfect stranger to us all, his conduct need not signify."

Her grip of my arm tightened, and she said, "It would ease my mind to speak out. As a geatleman, Mr. Egerton, you are, I am sure, to be trusted."

"Implicitly," I exclaimed.

"Well, then," said she, "what Mr. Morecombe told you was net wholly talse, but dreadfully exaggerated, in consequence, as I don't doubt, of drink. His statement to you places me in a most awkward position; that is, if you should think proper to repeat it, which I trust and pray you may not; for if the passengers were, to hear the story, it would make the voyage exceedingly uncomfortable to me."

"You need not fear, Miss Hawke," said I tenderly,

"You need not fear, Miss Hawke," said I tenderly, and with a small squeeze of her bony arm against my ribs; "not a hint of Mr. Morecombe's ex-aggerated, if not drunken, statement shall ever es-

"Yes—yes," said she, with great reluctance in her manner, "that, to a large extent, is it. I was deceived. When I was introduced to him by my niece's papa—my brother, sir—I took him to be a very gentlemanly young man, and was most favorably impressed by him. This, too, was my brother's opinion, and we certainly thought him a desirable match for my niece. Who could have imagined that he would have acted so disgracefully in this ship? so vilely as to force me to imply that he was an atter stranger to me, and to oblige me to be begging you to conceal his story from the passengers, that we may escape their impertment chatter during the time we are in the vessel?"

"You have my warmest sympathy, Miss Hawke, I am sure, and, as to my secrecy, you may count upon me as if I were a priest. I shall dismiss his story from my mind—more especially, all that part about this voyage being a plot, and this ship a rattrap, in which he was to catch your niece."

"What a horrid creature?" she exclaimed. "Fancy anybody calling himself a gentleman talking like that of a young lady! A rat-trap! I wish I could catch him in one! I should like to punish the odious fellow?"

"Then I am to assume, Miss Hawke," said I, "that he did not join this ship at the wish of your brother?"

"No, I won't say that," she answered, "you may

second on the southward of the control of the control of the southward of the control of the con

"Yes, that ought to console him," said I; "the voyage is not hopelessly aimless."

"Quite the reverse," she cried. "What I shall tell my brother is, that nothing more fortmate could have happened; for it enabled us to discover the real character of that worthless creature, Mr. Morecombe, before it was too late—I mean, before my nicee had become his wife; besides putting an end to the mischevous attentions of the person I have named, who, my brother told me, had been a sailor, and was a very common, insulting youth."

Lucky, thought I, that this is not said in my darling's presence! if it did not force her to betray me by look or by speech, might I be hanged. As for my own feelings, why, all the effect the words had was to set me laughing; to cover which, I exclaimed, "Thanks to the interest you take in your nicee, Miss Hawke, both the common sailor youth and Mr. Morecombe are effectually cleared away out of her road."

"Yes," she answered, smilling grimly, m sympathy with my laugh, or out of politices; "the voyage was well planned after all, though the consequences to me might have been exceedingly disagreeable, had Mr. Morecombe talked as freely to the other passengers as he did to you." And then, after a bit of a panse, she said: "I think you told me that you are not going to Australia to settle!"

"No, madam, I shall probably return in this ship."

"Do your family reside in England, Mr. Egerton!" she asked. It was the most fortunate thing in the world that Florence quitted Daniel at teat moment and joined us. There was a long family catechism in each of the greenish eyes Aunt Danae's turned upon me, and I was trembling on the verge of a bottomless pit of equivocations, when my sweetheart unconsciously came to my resene.

"You know my nices, so there is no need to introduce you," said the old lady, most graciously.

"Florence, my dear, I have been taking I don't know how many turns, and it is astonishing how much better I feel for the exercise."

"You certainly look the better for it, aunt," exclaimed Florenc

"Florence, my dear, I have been taking I don't know how many turns, and it is astonishing how much better I feel for the exercise."

"You certainly look the better for it, aunt," exclaimed Florence, with a rich note of langhter in her voice, and glancing at me with her eyes rendered brilliant by the contrast of the soft, warm color on her cheeks.

"I hope, madam," said I, " that this is only the first of many walks of the same kind, for nothing could be more agreeable to me," and with a slight bow and a lift of my hat, I sheered off, noting with intense satisfaction the gratified look in Aunt Damaris's face.

Well, soon afterwards they went below, and I saw no more of them for the rest of the afternoon. Thompson came up and began to joke me about my conquest over the old lady; but finding me full of thought, he had the good sense to leave me alone after a while. And plenty of end there was to keep me chewing, lads.

The manner in which the old lady had opened her mind to me set my thoughts flowing in a new channel altogether, and I stood for I don't know how long a while leaning over the rail, with my eyes used the water, and my brain whirring like the neighburgy ma a locomotive factory, until I believe the people forward imagined I was sea-sick. We were sailing a good ten knots an bour, and before I left the deck the darkness had closed around, and away over the starboard bow, distant may be seventeen miles, was Portland High Light, a mere spark; but the sight of it made me reckon that if this winet held we should be on the start before midnight, and that the Scillies would be on our starboard quarter by noon next day. It was fine sailing, and when the dosk came along, with a scattering of sharp, bright stars among the high clouds, the ship became a phantom, and I lingered for five minutes after I had tarned to go below, with my hand on the companion, to watch the spectral glinmering shadows piled one atop of the other as they rose, until coming to the royals you speed nothing but what might pass for a streak

To be continued.

" What Do the Whiskey Men Want ?" asks a contemporary. Well, they don't want more sugar in it; and a great many of them would like to have bagger drinks and more credit.—[Norristown Herald.